

A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Seruant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon?

Ser. He did aske fauour.

Ant. If that thy Father liue, let him repent
Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou sorrie
To follow Caesar in his Triumph, since
Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feauer thee,
Snake thou to looke on't. Get thee backe to Caesar,
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seemes
Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easie 'tis to doo't:
When my good Statues, that were my former guides
Haue empty left their Orbes, and thot their Fires
Into th'Abisme of hell. If he mislike,
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranchised Bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quit me. Vrge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone. *Exit Thid.*

Cleo. Haue you done yet?

Ant. Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipse,
And it portends alone the fall of *Anthony*.

Cleo. I must stay his time?

Ant. To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes
With one that tyes his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah (Deere) if I be so,
From my cold heart let Heauen ingender haile,
And poyson it in the soule, and the first stone
Drop in my necke: as it determines so
Dissolue my life, the next Caesarian smile,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my braue Egyptians all,
By the discandering of this pelleted storme,
Lye grauelesse, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle
Haue buried them for prey.

Ant. I am satisfied;

Caesar sets downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,
Hath Nobly held, our seuer'd Nauie too
Haue knir againe, and Fleete, threatning most Sea-like.
Where hast thou bin my heart? Dost thou heare Lady?
If from the Field I shall returne once more
To kisse these Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my braue Lord.

Ant. I will be trebble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine houres
Were nice and lucky, men did ranfome liues
Of me for rests: But now, Ile set my teeth,
And send to darkenesse all that stop me. Come,
Let's haue one other gawdy night: Call to me
All my sad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:
Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'haue held it poore. But since my Lord
Is *Anthony* againe, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.
Ant. Do so, wee'l speake to them,

And to night Ile force
The Wine peepe through their scarrest.
Come on (my Queene)
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight
Ile make death loue me: for I will contend
Euen with his pestilent Syr de.

Eno. Now hee'l out-stare the Lightning, to be furious
Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode
The Doue will pecke the Estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our Captaines braine,
Restores his heart; when valour prays in reason,
It eates the Sword it fights with: I will seeke
Some way to leaue him. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Caesar, Agrippa, & Mecenas with his Army,
Caesar reading a Letter.*

Cas. He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power
To beate me out of Egypt. My Messenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to personal Combat.
Caesar to *Anthony*: let the old Russian know,
I haue many other wayes to dye: meane time I
Laugh at his Challenge.

Meca. Caesar must thinke,
When one so great begins to rage, hee's hunted
Euen to falling. Giue him no breath, but now
Make boote of his distraction: Neuer anger
Made good guard for it selfe.

Cas. Let our best heads know,
That to morrow, the last of many Battailles
We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that seru'd *Marke Anthony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And Feast the Army, we haue store to doo't,
And they haue earn'd the waste, Poore *Anthony*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas, with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitian*?

Eno. No?

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To morrow Soldier,
By Sea and Land Ile fight: or I will liue,
Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood
Shall make it liue againe. Woo't thou fight well.

Eno. Ile strike, and cry, Take all.

Ant. Well said, come on:

Call forth my Household Seruants, lets to night

Be bounteous at our Meale. Giue me thy hand,
Thou hast bin rightly honest, so hast thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou: you haue seru'd me well,
And Kings haue beene your fellowes.
Cleo. What meane this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odde tricks which sorow shoots
Out of the minde.

Ant. And thou art honest too:
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapt vp together, in
An *Anthony*: that I might do you seruice,
So good as you haue done. *Omnes.*

Omnes. The Gods forbid.

Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me,
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he meane?

Eno. To make his Followers weepe.

Ant. Tend me to night;

May be, it is the period of your duty,
Haply you shall not see me more, or if,
A mangled shadow. Perchance to morrow,
You'll serue another Master. I looke on you,
As one that takes his leaue. Mine honest Friends,
I turne you not away, but like a Master
Married to your good seruice, stay till death:
Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,
And the Gods yeeld you for't.

Eno. What meane you (Sir)?

To giue them this discomfort? Looke they weepe,
And I an Asse, am Onyon-cy'd; for shame,
Transforme vs not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho:

Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where those drops fall (my hearty Friends)
You take me in too dolorous a sence,
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burne this night with Torchcs: Know (my hearts)
I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,
Where rather Ile expect victorious life,
Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,
And drowne consideration. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Company of Soldiours.

1. *Sol.* Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day.

2. *Sol.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets.

1. Nothing: what newes?

2. Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.

1. Well sir, good night.

They meete other Soldiours.

2. Souldiers, haue carefull Watch.

1. And you: Goodnight, goodnight.

They place themselves in euery corner of the Stage.

2. Heere we: and if to morrow

Our Nauie thrue, I haue an absolute hope
Our Landmen will stand vp.

1. 'Tis a braue Army, and full of purpose.

Musicke of the Hoboyes is vnder the Stage.

2. Peace, what noise?

1. I lift, lift.

2. Hearke.

1. Musicke i'th' Ayre.

2. Vnder the earth.

1. It signes well, do's it not?

2. No.

1. Peace I say: What should this meane?

2. 'Tis the God *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* loued,
Now leaues him.

1. Walke, let's see if other Watchmen
Do heare what we do?

2. How now Maisters?

Speak together.

Omnes. How now? how now? do you heare this?

1. I, is't not strange?

2. Do you heare Maisters? Do you heare?

1. Follow the noyse so farre as we haue quarter.